

SULLIVAN. STAUFFER. COLWELL & BAYLES. INC.

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THE BIG STORY

Sept. <sup>12</sup> 1952

9:00-9:30 P.M.

208

Production # 202  
Script by Alvin Bortez  
September 5, 1951

JACK WEEKS. HOUSTON CHRONICLE

THE BIG STORY - TV

JACK WEEKS. HOUSTON CHRONICLE

Sept. 5, 1952

CAST

Jack Weeks

Lieut. Ward Kintner

Mrs. Capote

Druggist

Iceman

Harold Kimball

Claude Tilman

Cop

THE BIG STORY

JACK WEEKS. HOUSTON (TEXAS) CHRONICLE

1. (F) PELL MELL PACK ZOOMS UP  
TO CU. TITLE, "BIG STORY"  
DROPS OVER PACK

CHAPPELL

PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES,  
present....."THE BIG STORY".

MUSIC: BEHIND

DISSOLVE TO:

2. (L) CU OF AN ICE PICK PLUNGING  
INTO A CAKE OF ICE. PULL BACK  
TO SHOW ICEMAN WORKING ON THE  
CAKE WHICH IS ON A LOADING PLAT-  
FORM OF AN ICE HOUSE. SMALL  
SIGN ON POST READS.....ICE  
TRUCKS LOAD HERE.

WE PULL BACK EVEN MORE AS HAROLD  
AND CLAUDE SAUNTER INTO THE FRAME  
UP A SORT OF ALLEY WHICH RUNS  
ALONGSIDE THE PLATFORM. THEY  
STOP AND WATCH THE ICEMAN MUCH IN  
THE MANNER OF SIDEWALK SUPERIN-  
TENDENTS. THE ICEMAN PLUNGES THE  
PICK INTO THE WOODEN PLATFORM AND  
IT SHUDDERS AS IT DIGS INTO THE  
WOOD. THE ICEMAN LIFTS PART OF  
THE CAKE TO HIS SHOULDER AND  
TURNING...SEES THE TWO MEN.

ICEMAN

Hello, boys. (CLAUDE LIFTS HIS HAND  
IN GREETING) How'd it go today?

HAROLD

(SPEAKS SLOW...DELIBERATE)

All right...thank you.

ICEMAN

They'll fix you two up. Don't worry. That hospital's a fine place. (HE STARTS OFF) Well, see you tomorrow. (HE GOES OUT OF THE FRAME AND HAROLD AND CLAUDE SEEM TO START OFF AS WE DOLLY PAST THEM AND COME IN ON THE ICE PICK. WE HAVE IT IN CU WHEN A HAND REACHES INTO THE FRAME AND TAKES IT.

CUT TO ICEMAN PUTTING HIS ICE DOWN ON THE TAIL OF A SMALL TRUCK. (THIS CAN BE A SMALL MOCKUP.... JUST THE EDGE OF THE TRUCK)

CUT TO LOADING PLATFORM AS HE COMES BACK. HE REACHES FOR THE PICK TO FURTHER DEMOLISH THE CAKE OF ICE, BUT HIS HAND GRABS ONLY AIR. HE LOOKS FOR IT...IS PUZZLED...

ICEMAN

(TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR)

Hey...who swiped my pick.

(IF SET IS SO CONSTRUCTED...CUT TO FAR END OF ALLEY AS HAROLD AND CLAUDE ARE WALKING UP TO US. AS THEY WALK INTO CAMERA.....

DISSOLVE TO:

3. (F) GENERAL SHOTS, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

CHAPPELL

Houston, Texas. The story you are about to see actually happened. It happened in Houston, Texas. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the great American news-

DISSOLVE TO:

4. (F) THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE  
BUILDING

CHAPPELL (CONT'D)

DISSOLVE TO

5. (L) THE CITY ROOM.

JACK IS AT HIS DESK. HE TAKES  
OUT A FLIMSY FROM HIS MACHINE..  
HANDS IT TO A PASSING COPY BOY  
AND GETS UP TO COME AROUND HIS  
DESK TO US, PICKING UP A STACK  
OF CLIPS.

The Houston Chronicle.

And tonight, to Jack Weeks of the  
Houston Chronicle for his Big  
Story, the makers of PELL MELL  
FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to  
have presented the PELL MELL five  
Hundred Dollar award.

JACK

You work on a newspaper and a  
story happens. You write it...  
forget it. That's how it was  
for me...until this story  
came along. It's about a man  
I'd never met...didn't know  
his name, what he looked like.  
A man who scared a city like  
a plague. But writing about  
him day after day...I felt I'd  
known him for years. I named  
him the Match Box Bandit...  
called him clever, daring,  
brutal. I wrote everything  
except the fact that one day..  
he would have to be called...  
murderer. (FLIPS THE CLIPS)  
Here's how it happened...this  
is the story...just as I wrote

JACK (CONT'D)

it for my paper, the Houston  
Chronicle.

CUT TO

6 (L) BIG STORY. TITLE CARD

MUSICAL BRIDGE

6A (F) OPENING COMMERCIAL

FADE IN

7 (L) A DRUGGIST WORKING IN HIS STORE. WE COME IN ON HIM AND FIND HIM TO BE A PLEASANT MAN, HUMMING A LITTLE TUNE TO HIMSELF AS HE UNPACKS SOME STOCK. HE PICKS UP THE PHONE..... ANSWERING A CALL. HE TALKS TO THE PERSON WORDLESSLY. HE IS ABOUT FIFTY.

NARR.

It's all in the file, Jack Weeks. The time and place where it all started.....this terrible thing you knew had to happen. A pleasant afternoon in early Spring. A corner drugstore in the East End of Houston. Nothing could stop it...nothing.

DRUGGIST

I wouldn't worry, Mrs. Stein.  
He'll be all right. I'll get the prescription right over to you...of course. He'll be fine...(LISTENS AGAIN).....  
Goodbye, Mrs. Stein. (HE HANGS UP AND GOES BEHIND THE PRESCRIPTION COUNTER TO MIX SOMETHING FROM SOME BOTTLES.

CUT TO THE BOTTOM HALF OF DOOR AS IT OPENS AND A MAN'S LEGS ENTER. CAMERA MOVES IN AHEAD OF HIM AND TOWARD THE COUNTER AS HE IS RIGHT IN BACK OF IT WALKING. THE DRUGGIST LOOKS THRU THE GLASS OF HIS PRESCRIPTION COUNTER TO SEE IF IT'S A FAMILIAR FACE.

I'll be right with you, sir.

(CAMERA PROCEEDS RIGHT UP TO THE COUNTER AND A MOMENT LATER THE DRUGGIST COMES UP)

Yes sir.....



VOICE (O.S. SLOW DELIBERATE  
AS IF EVERY WORD IS CARE-  
FULLY CHOSEN)

A box of matches, please.

DRUGGIST

(EXPRESSION ON FACE .. "SOME BIG SALE")

Box of matches.

{DRUGGIST LEANS UNDER COUNTER AND PUTS  
A BOX OF MATCHES ON COUNTER. MAN'S  
HAND LAYS DOWN A QUARTER. DRUGGIST  
TAKES IT, RINGS OPEN THE REGISTER.  
MAN PICKS UP THE MATCHES.

TIGHT SHOT ON DRUGGIST AS HE OFFERS  
THE CHANGE. HE FREEZES.

CUT TO CU OF ICE PICK HELD  
THREATENINGLY IN MAN'S HAND.

VOICE (STILL DELIBERATE)

Don't make any mistakes. Empty  
out that drawer.

DRUGGIST (A BRAVE GUY)

You're the one who's making the  
mistake.

VOICE

You haven't much time.

DRUGGIST

Mister, a lot of poor people  
around here. I don't make very  
much. I wish you'd...(SUDDENLY  
HE GRABS FOR THE MAN'S WRIST.

STAY TIGHT ON THEIR HANDS AS  
THEY STRUGGLE FOR CONTROL. THEN CUT  
TIGHT ON THE DRUGGIST AS HIS FACE  
SHOWS THE STRAIN...HE'S LOSING THEN  
HIS FACE CONTORTS WITH PAIN...AS IF  
HE'S BEEN STABBED.



CUT WIDE AS CAMERA BACKS AWAY FROM HIM , STOPS. THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

8. (F) MED LONG SHOT FROM ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE STORE AS WE SEE THE MAN FLEEING DOWN THE STREET.

9. (L) INT. OF THE STORE AS THE DRUGGIST STAGGERS TO THE DOOR HOLDING HIS FACE.

DRUGGIST

Help.....help...(HE REACHES FOR THE DOOR FRAME...THEN SLIDES DOWN TO THE FLOOR.)

(CLOSE ON HIS BODY LYING GROTESQUELY ON THE FLOOR) (PAN TO CU OF THE ICE PICK ALSO ON THE FLOOR)

DISSOLVE TO

10. (F) WEEKS DRIVING IN HIS CAR.

NARR.

HE PULLS UP OUTSIDE THE STORE. GETS OUT.....

WALKS ACROSS THE SIDEWALK RAPIDLY. CURIOUS PEOPLE OUTSIDE.

ENTERS STORE.

11. (L) INT. OF THE STORE. LT. KINTNER IS DIRECTING A MAN WHO IS TAKING FLASH PIX.

(KINTNER SEES JACK LOOKING AT BODY NOW COVERED BY SHEET)

KINTNER

Okay, so what do you see?

You're at your desk when the news comes in. But you don't stay there long. You know this is it. The Match Box Bandit had been terrorizing the East End of Houston for weeks. Now...the lid was going to blow off. Newspaper editorials...citizen's committees. political speeches. All symptoms of a frightened city. All of them coming down hard on the cop in charge...Lieutenant Ward Kintner.

JACK (COMES OVER)

I figure one guy.

KINTNER

Yeah.

JACK

Our friend who plays with matches.

KINTNER

Look, Weeks, you wrote enough about that guy. Forget him for once.

JACK

Where's the weapon?

KINTNER

I've got it.

JACK

What was it?

KINTNER

(LOOKS AT HIM THEN ALMOST SIGHS. HE TURNS TO THE MAN TAKING THE FLASH PIX)

Harry. (MAN LOOKS UP) Show him.

(THE MAN PUTS DOWN HIS CAMERA AND OPENS A PAPER BOX. JACK LOOKS IN.

TAKE CU OF THE ICE PICK IN THE BOX).

JACK

(TURNS TO KINTNER)

Don't tell me that doesn't fit. His trade mark. In every one of his holdups an ice pick.

KINTNER

Lots of people read the papers. Someone else could have gotten an idea.

JACK

This is him. No one else. Sooner or later it had to happen. Someday, someone was going to stand up to him... not be scared.

KINTNER

I'm still saying it. He's not the only crook in Houston.

JACK

(LOOKING AROUND, HE GOES TO THE COUNTER)

Cash drawer open. (SEES MATCHES ON THE COUNTER) Box of matches. (PICKS THEM UP) Lieutenant, he left you a road map. Everything but tell you his name.

KINTNER

Nice of you to come here. Show me around.

JACK

Anyone else in the store with him?

(INDICATING THE BODY)

KINTNER

Why?

JACK

Something else that fits. A  
storekeeper alone....the East  
End neighborhood...crook comes  
in...orders box of matches.....

KINTNER (ALMOST A HINT  
OF DESPERATION)

Weeks, you think I'm blind...I  
don't know who did this. Sure..  
it's your guy. You named him  
but I'm stuck with him.

JACK

Lieutenant...

KINTNER

This killing. It's bad as they  
come. But that it has to be him  
who did it... They'll be burning  
me now like I murdered my own  
grandmother.

JACK

I'm calling it in, Lieutenant.  
(HE HEADS FOR THE PHONE BOOTH)

KINTNER

Weeks. (JACK STOPS...WAITS)  
Just facts, huh?

JACK (HALF SMILES)

It's okay, Lieutenant. I know  
you're crazy about your grand-  
mother. (HE GOES INTO THE BOOTH  
...CLOSES DOOR AND DIALS. WE  
STAY WITH KINTNER)

KINTNER (TO HIS ASST.)

Wrap it up here, Harry. (HE  
SURVEYS THE SCENE AGAIN AS A  
COP COMES IN...A TERRIBLE HURRY)

COP

Lieutenant..

KINTNER (TURNS)

Yeah.

COP

I think we got him.

KINTNER

Who?

COP

Lady across the street saw a guy  
run out of here. Spotted him  
going into a house around the  
corner. Sheridan's watching it  
right now.

KINTNER

Com on..(HE GOES OUT FAST AND  
COP FOLLOWS. JACK LOOKS OUT FROM  
THE PHONE BOOTH. HE OPENS THE  
DOOR)

JACK

Hey, where you going? (BUT KINTNER  
IS GONE. JACK TO PHONE) Call you back.  
(HE TOO STARTS RUNNING OUT)

DISSOLVE TO:

12. (F), MED SHOT OF A PLAIN HOUSE.  
POLICE CAR DRAWS UP IN FRONT  
AND COP RUNS OUT FROM DOORWAY TO  
OPEN THE DOOR. OUT COMES KINTNER  
AND HE STARTS ISSUING ORDERS.  
COPS SPREAD AROUND ALL SIDES OF  
THE HOUSE. AS KINTNER STARTS  
GOING UP THE FRONT STEPS WITH  
DRAWN GUN,

CUT TO CLOSE SHOT OF JACK'S CAR  
PULLING UP AND BREAKING FAST.  
HE JUMPS OUT, BUT KINTNER HAS  
ALREADY GONE INTO THE HOUSE.  
JACK RACES UP THE STEPS AND  
INTO THE HOUSE.

13. (L) INT. OF SIMPLE HOME. MRS.  
CAPOTE IS ON THE COUCH...NUMB  
WITH TERROR. JACK COMES IN AND  
SEES JUST A COP WITH HER.

JACK

Where's the Lieutenant Kintner.

COP

Out back.

MRS. CAPOTE (ALMOST A MOAN)

He was going to kill me.....

(KINTNER COMES STRIDING IN FROM THE  
REAR OF THE HOUSE.)

KINTNER

No sign of him.

MRS. CAPOTE (TO ALL OF THEM)

He opened the door and ran in. I  
didn't even know what was happening.

COP (ASIDE TO KINTNER)

Name's Mrs. Capote. Lives here  
alone.

KINTNER (TO HER)

How'd he get out?

MRS. CAPOTE

Through the back door. He saw  
a policeman on the sidewalk..  
He warned me...said he'd kill  
me.

JACK

Lieutenant...she can identify  
him. The first person who's  
really seen him, face to face.

MRS. CAPOTE

Why didn't I lock the door? I  
should have locked the door.

KINTNER

Mrs. Capote...

MRS. CAPOTE (TO EACH ONE  
SEPARATELY)

I've always been afraid of people  
breaking in. I don't know what was  
the matter with me.

KINTNER (TINGE OF IMPATIENCE  
BUT POLITE)

Will you describe him, please?  
There's a chance he might still  
be in the neighborhood.

MRS. CAPOTE

He said he'd killed a man. If  
I did anything...he'd kill me.

(KINTNER TURNS AWAY. EVERYTHING IS  
WORKING BAD...AND HE'S DOWN)



JACK

Mrs. Capote...the police need  
your help. They need it bad.  
You can help them find this man.

MRS. CAPOTE

It was happening and I didn't  
believe it. I heard his voice  
...I heard what he said...but  
his face...it's hard to remember.

JACK

Try, Mrs. Capote. Try...

MRS. CAPOTE

No. I can't.

JACK

If you saw him again. (SHE LOOKS  
UP) You'd be able to point him  
out, wouldn't you? He was only a  
few feet away....right next to you.

KINTNER

Look, Weeks.....

JACK

You'd know him then, wouldn't  
you? Wouldn't you?

(SHE NODS)

MRS. CAPOTE

I'd...I'd know him.

JACK

Prints on that ice pick and a  
lineup for her to choose from..  
You're making time.

KINTNER

Correction. Prints on the  
pick...all smudged. As for an  
identification...

MRS. CAPOTE (AGAIN TO  
ALL OF THEM)

How could I forget to lock the  
door.

KINTNER

(THROWS WEEKS A "SEE WHAT I MEAN"  
LOOK) (NOW TO THE COP)

Roy, you stay here with Mrs.  
Capote, 'til I phone for her.

We're going downtown and  
arrange a little show. A line-  
up like this town never saw.

(TO JACK) You come along, Weeks.  
Always saying how well you think  
you know this guy. Maybe you can  
pick him out too. (HE GOES OUT  
AND JACK FOLLOWS. CLOSE ON MRS.  
CAPOTE WHO SLOWLY SHAKES HER HEAD)

MRS. CAPOTE

Why my house? All the others  
on this block. Why my house?

DISSOLVE TO:

14. (L) LINEUP PLATFORM. BRIGHT  
LIGHTS FOCUSED ON A WHITE  
BACKGROUND. HEIGHT CHARTS  
FROM THE BACKDROP FOR THE MEN  
TO STAND AGAINST. A MAN  
TRUDGES UP THE STAGE..TURNS  
SLOWLY TO FACE US.

COME IN ON HIM

NARR.

The big parade...the lineup...the  
show...dozens of catchy names for  
it. To you, Jack Weeks, it's

just a room where a piece of the

NARR. (CONT'D)

city passes through. Unhappy...  
miserable. But this time, you're  
here for a grim purpose. Will the  
one person who can do it...pick  
out a murderer?

CUT TO MRS. CAPOTE SITTING IN  
BACK OF THE ROOM NEAR A SMALL  
DESK WITH A LIGHT OVER IT.  
WE SEE THE LIEUT. AND JACK NEAR  
HER. SHE SLOWLY SHAKES NO.

CUT TO ANOTHER MAN TAKING THE  
PLATFORM.

CUT TO MRS. CAPOTE. SHE  
SLOWLY SHAKES NO.

CUT TO ANOTHER MAN TAKING THE  
PLATFORM.

CUT TO MRS. CAPOTE. SHE AGAIN  
SHAKES NO SLOWLY.

KINTNER

Mrs. Capote...you've been  
here over two hours. Wasn't it  
any of those men?

MRS. CAPOTE

No. Look Lieutenant...I'd like  
to go home. What I've been  
through...

KINTNER

I know, M'am. Let's try just a  
little longer. All right, Roy..

(CUT TO THE PLATFORM. A TEEN AGE BOY  
COMES ON)